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A PRAYER.

O God, our Father, if we had but truth!
  Lost truth—which thou perchance
Didst let man lose, lest all his wayward youth
  He waste in song and dance;
That he might gain, in searching, mightier powers
For manlier use in those foreshadowed hours.

If blindly groping, he shall oft mistake,
  And follow twinkling motes
Thinking them stars, and the one voice forsake
  Of Wisdom, for the notes
Which mocking Beauty utters here and there,
Thou surely wilt forgive him and forbear!

O love us! For we love thee—Maker, God!
  And would creep near thy hand,
And call thee "Father, Father," from the sod
  Where by our graves we stand;
And pray to touch, fearless of scorn or blame,
Thy garment's hem, which Truth and Good we name.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

Pacific Theological Seminary
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THE PACIFIC

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(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

THE TOWN AND THE GOD OF THE TOWN.

A Glimpse of the Soul of the City New York.

At a time when the best elements of the City of New York were making articulate their hatred of municipal misgovernment, a young lawyer sat in his office absorbed in his own thoughts, while without Madison Square Garden was palpitating with excitement. He had come to the city two years before after finishing with high honors a course in one of the great law schools. Without any friends of influence he had worked along with cool, dogged persistence, changing positions several times during the two years. Once he was near to entering a partnership with a shyster lawyer, but the methods of the man sickened him before the plan was consummated and he abruptly left the office though there was big money in it. For awhile he was one of several legal advisers of a corporation doing a large business. This situation seemed to offer much in the way of experience at least. But the ethical standards of the organization revolted him and he withdrew. At length he began to wonder whether his standards were quite impossible there.

In the main now we let Lynn Harold Hough tell this story as he tells it in that little book of his entitled "In the Valley of Decision."

Recently he had secured a position with a firm which he knew was held in high regard. To have the smallest place with that group of lawyers had brought a thrill to his heart. Better days seemed at hand. But only yesterday he had been given a case to look into which had aroused his apprehensions. He had gone carefully over all the facts, and had reviewed important decisions which might have a bearing upon the situation. It seemed to him a very clear case. The man who was ready to be a client of the firm had the law technically on his side. But ethically he was evidently, and miserably, wrong. Would the firm take up the case and help this man to secure money to which he had no moral right, through a cleverly manipulated legal technicality?

He had left the office this afternoon pondering the problem. By a strange coincidence he had come down in the elevator with two sharp-featured, keen-eyed, efficient young lawyers belonging to another firm. One of them was saying: "Of course we must see that our client gets all that the law allows. It isn't our business to settle subtle questions of ethics. We are not conducting a school of moral philosophy. We are conducting a business concern and we've got to make it go."

Did that represent the spirit of this amazing, brilliant, wonderful town? Would his firm take the case which he had been examining? And if it did, what would he do? Would he put himself out of a job again? Or would he crush his scruples and accept the standards of the firm?

At this point not even a very pre-occupied young man could busy himself longer with his own thoughts. The multitude of people in Madison Square Garden had simply gone wild at the entrance of the man who was the big feature of the meeting. They had listened to other men, but this man of rugged, dominant personality, who knew how to give and take hard blows, whose sentences as he spoke were like a succession of pistol shot, this suit of armor made into a man, this politician with moral ideals and practical efficiency welded into one, was the man they had come to hear.

The young lawyer was seated where he could have a particularly clear view of the speaker, and could hear every word which fell from his lips, and even every modulation of tone. He looked with increasing interest at the man who stood with such silent power in the very poise of his body while he waited for the applause to cease.

Then his speech began. The iron jaws opened. There was a curious flash of belligerent-looking teeth, and biting, incisive, penetrating sentences fell from his lips. Here was a man who knew life to the center. He knew New York thoroughly. He was no vague and impotent visionary. He was a cool, hard-headed man of affairs. But he was a man of moral standards too. And as his words leaped out like the eruption of a volcano, he made you believe in his standards, his ideals, and you felt that he was the mouthpiece of a town where morals were to be put into command. The rush of his indignation against the political corruption which had disgraced the city was like the sudden impact of a cavalry charge. The energy of his confidence in the men of New York to rise en masse and crush the evil forces was more than an enthusiasm. It seemed the power of an awakened people expressed in compelling speech.

The young lawyer turned from the speaker to allow his eye to move over the thousands who were listening to him. How completely they responded to every word! How entirely they were at one with the moral passion which flung itself out in the sharp and telling epigrams which came from the speaker's lips! The very soul of New York seemed revealed in these thousands of eager faces. And that soul was not a worshiper of mammon or greed or indulgence. Perhaps the town had a great moral God after all.

At the close of the meeting the young man took a subway train for Brooklyn Bridge. He wanted to think things out. He had a feeling that he must fight things out, that in some strange, definite way this was for him a night of destiny.

A little later he was walking over the bridge with his great, swinging stride. He turned to look back toward Manhattan. His eyes fell on the great shadowy buildings which stood on and about Wall Street. They were clearly silhouetted in the bright moonlight. The words of a certain poet written about this very spot rang in his ears—"that vast Necropolis of souls." Was it just that, and always that, or was it sometimes the place of the birth pangs of souls, the place of testing where a man might become strong?

He suddenly seemed to see a vision of two cities each called New York. One was a city of relentless greed and remorseless cruelty, a city of indulgence, sometimes refined, sometimes gross, but always morally disintegrating. Its god was self. Its passions were material success and material enjoyment. The other was a city full of self-sacrifice and service, full of the ministry of the strong to the weak, of that comradely helpfulness which brings not only a helper, but a friend, to the man in need. It was a city of belligerent moral passion ready at any risk of personal ease or fortune to fight the battles of good morals and good government. Its God had a conscience, and its God had a heart.

Of which of these cities would he be a citizen? With which group of people would he ally himself? Would he become a part of the New York which had only a body, or would he become united with the New York which had a soul?

Tomorrow morning he would be asked for his report on the case which he had been investigating. Was he ready to be called a visionary, to lose his position, to endanger his prospects for the sake of the moral voice which spoke so insistently within? Once again he seemed in Madison Square Garden. He was a part of that rising tide of civic passion ready to battle and sacrifice for the sake of a righteous town. The sharp, commanding words of the speaker once more rang in his ears. And again he felt their magnetic moral power.

He closed his fists tightly as his face set in decision. "I'll do it," he cried, "no matter what it costs! I'm going to belong to the New York which has a soul."

. . . . . .

The next morning it was a calm and steady young American who entered the office of the senior member of a great law firm to make his report. He was clear of eye and his definite, sharply cut features were good to look upon. He stated the essentials of the case with brevity, but with entire lucidity.

"And what would you advise in this case?" asked the great lawyer, with a mysterious gleam in his eye.

"I don't think we can have anything to do with it, sir," replied Philip Morton, steadily.

There was a moment's silence, and then a light shone suddenly on the strong iron face of the senior member of the firm. There was something very revealing about his face, but he only said quietly:

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Morton. You may take up the Wisconsin lumber case now. You will find the papers on your desk."

With a deep rich glow in his heart, Philip Morton left the office of the senior member of the firm. The expression he had seen on the face of the great lawyer seemed a priceless possession. It came to him quickly that he had seen the same expression on many faces the night before. In that expression there was a revelation of the God of the town—a God of justice and honor and unflinching integrity. There might be another New York with another deity, Philip Morton reflected, but this city with a soul was the city of his citizenship—a good, great town in which to dwell.

A great mind enables a man to maintain his station with honor, so that he only makes use of what he meets in his way, as a pligrim that would fain be at his journey's end.—Seneca.

THE DELAYING REVELATION.

Baccalaureate Sermon by President Blaisdell of Pomona College.

Romans 8:22 and 19. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God.

This hour, formal and stated as it is, seems ever to me to be full of a solemn and lofty significance. Placed as it is in the program of supreme Christian effort, it is of high concern. Out of the Christian church arose historically the impassioned concern for youth. Out of that concern came the modern school, and preeminently the Christian school. Then a great company of Christian people rallied their resources that there might be a Christian college set at that significant point where characteristically the deeper forces of life are wont to take their permanent form; and this great Christian company charged the college that from this strategic position through the four unfolding years it should emphasize the essential message of the gospel. And now the four years are over and the college, this creature of Christian history and Christian society, arouses itself to speak its final, tense and vital word to its departing children.

In such an hour as this I have felt also that there was place only for that message of the gospel which is universal and timeless. Only the essential is germane to such a supreme moment. Here is no place for your personal theory or mine. Here is no place for the transient hypothesis of any accidental investigator. Here is room only for the eternal affirmation of the common people. Here is place only for the endless faith of the universal church.

In this hour, also, there surely ought to be a vivid consciousness of the very day in which we live. For I conceive, as I think we all do, that there is no gospel worthy of the name which is not "a gospel for the times." Surely there can be no genuine Christian apostolate which does not thrill with the suffering and the striving and the sorrow of the very age in which it serves. Least of all can a group of Christian scholars, accustomed as they are to be thoughtfully aware of all the facts involved, be satisfied with a gospel that is unrelated to its day. The message that I therefore seek to bring in this supreme time of the opportunity of the Christian college is the message of the Christian ages for this hour.

The whole creation groaneth. It groaneth today. Never did an age illustrate the background on which this gospel was written as does ours. The whole creation groaneth. Never under the sun so many hospitals as today; never so many broken bodies around this earth lifted to God's face as this morning; never so many women with bowed heads; never so many sobbing children; never so many bruised and bleeding feet moving across unbeaten ways of wilderness and desert; never so much death as today.

But the world has always been groaning. Our age is only the world's history written large. There has never been on this earth a man thinking profoundly.

> But, looking deep, he saw
> The thorns which grow upon this rose of life:;
> How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
> Toiling for leave to live;
> * * * * *
> Life living upon death. So the fair show
> Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
> Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,

Who himself kills his fellow.
The whole creation groaneth until now.

But through this timeless agony there has been a strange, inexplicable conviction that this is not the totai fact. There has been a profound and permanent faith that the world was not simply in pain. The record written deeper than the pages of this book, written in the embedded convictions of humanity in every age, has been this: the whole creation groaneth and **travaileth.** The pain is not the end. Something better is being born out of the pain. It is not all merely a wrack of our nerves and our muscles. It is a better age coming to birth. Faith in this evolution is as old as the human race. From the very dawn of time men have affirmed their confidence in "progress." They have believed that out of all the wrack there was eventuating a new day and a better society, and they have cried: the whole creation groaneth—and travaileth until now. And in our consciousness of today there is the same strange reassertion of the old faith. No one of us looking out upon the stress of our times has doubted the faith that out of this storm and stress there was coming somehow the better human society, some day the better order, as the product of this pain. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain—one long history until now—waiting—waiting!

Waiting for what? Waiting for what? How many theories there have been; how many superficial theories. Waiting for some juggling of the social order. Waiting for the turn of some monarch's hand. Waiting for the possession of new lands or the advent of a new economic order. How many profound theories there have been. How many men have bent their heads and brooded over the essential problems of the unterminating travail that does not yet beget. Waiting for what?

The other evening when the shadows had gathered, I walked down the main street of our neighboring metropolis where on the morrow the deep ranks of seventy thousand marching men were to plead for the military preparation of the nation. I thought of the new consciousness of the sacredness of might that was rising in America, an idea, in kind, such as has swept across our land only once or twice, and in its fullness has never been before—the consciousness of superb power for some great cause. I thought of the rising dynamic of a people just coming into its own among the peoples of the world, and just realizing that it has a part to bear. I thought of the new consciousness that was rising among us Americans, that this vast power is lodged with us for no trifle in the program of all God's purposes, but that we were trusted with it for divine and lofty ends. I thought of the great men and the great women who were charging this nation to be ready with shield and sword when the hour of justice should be called.

And when I thought of all that was involved; of the vast munition factories which should be built from the Atlantic to the Pacific and which should stand silent in their places through the years, unoccupied and unproductive, vast investments of capital, waiting simply lest a possible need should arise. I thought of the great navies on the Atlantic and on the Pacific that should be summoned into being by millions upon millions of dollars, and the sons of the nation—your sons and mine—who should man those navies sailing ever up and down in uselessness until the war should come. I thought of the mighty mountains of munitions that should be gathered; vast storehouses filled by the toiling hands of some one—piled there a waste wilderness until the day of battle comes. I began to think how there could be no more small nations on this earth because the "little peoples" cannot finance the accumulation of such vast resources of munitions. I thought of the world as it promised to be—a few great nations staggering under the burden of their loaded readiness for war—armed to the teeth.

And I wondered—waiting for what? And then as I walked there down that street a strange consciousness grew upon me. There were certain banners there repated by the hundreds which seemed to shine out above all others; and I wondered how they came there. On each banner was a crescent inscription and these were the words, "In hoc signo vinces"—Under this symbol ye shall conquer—and in the shadow underneath was the figure of a cross. And it seemed to me as I walked along that street that out of the storm and stress and the tumult of a warring world the Christian faith had again been lifted up. For if these words meant anything they meant this, that after all the world is waiting for Christly men and women. After all,—after the soldier has put on his shield and gripped his sword; after the philosopher has invested his brain; after the skilled artisan has used his genius; after all, and around and through all this, the creation groaneth and travaileth in pain, waiting —for the men and women who can march with Jesus.

There was once an old faith in the world. It was this, that all the pain and travail of the world waited for one man who should be born. The Old Testament is full of it. Just one man was to do it all. Do you rememhber? "He will judge between many peoples and will decide concerning strong nations far off and then they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed."

Then He came: and how many things came out of His coming! How many fields of flowers this world around have blossomed from the red seed that dropped on Calvary. But how many things did not come! How many things still waited—waited for something more; waited, and still wait, because it was not for Him to do them; waited not for one Messiah; waited for that company of indispensable men and women who, some time, in daring and in pain, should walk the world with Him; waited for those who should fill up the measure of His suffering; waited for the manifestation of those fearless, self-sacrificing souls who are the sons of God. For these creation is in travail until now. And this very morning on all the far-flung fields of battle there is not a single soldier charging desperately to the fray, but in his deeper soul he is conscious that he is waiting—waiting for someone who shall translate into human form the justice and the gentleness and the goodness of God. For this human revelation of God the redemption of the world delays.

My friends of the graduating class:

There is one superb fact that I charge you in the name of the College and those who have loved the College, you shall never doubt nor forget. I charge you that no humorous or sarcastic fling shall ever shake your faith in it. I charge you that no hour of doubt shall ever dim or shadow it. This is it. The world is waiting for you. Only in superficial ways is this untrue. Profoundly it is the fact. It is waiting for your strong arm that per-

haps with shield and sword, but surely, somehow, shall be called to strike for right. It is waiting for your skilled finger, with brush with harpstring, with metal. It is waiting for your privileged brain. Not simply the world of today but all the world of history is thus waiting you. But in a far profounder and surer sense the world is waiting for you. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain waiting for the revealing in you of your divine lineage. In this final and solemn hour, therefore, this Christian college sums its message to you in the challenge that in places lofty, common or humble, wherever you may be, you make this revelation of yourself. And far above all other deeds of possible prowess this simple, brave unfolding of that which you are in the inherited quality of your nature shall be your supreme ministry to a waiting world.

LOOKING BACKWARD. III.

Glimpses of Pacific Coast Congregationalism in 1891, July to December.

On the 26th of August the word from the Sunny South was: "Business is reviving in Los Angeles. In this revival of business all rejoice, for it means work for many a man who has been in enforced idleness, and comfort and plenty in many homes hitherto in want; and although business activity is often and to many the cause of spiritual decline, the churches must generally share in the healthful prosperity of the city. The church work is moving on apace.

It was stated that the new directory gave to Los Angeles at that time 63 churches, of which the several branches of the Methodists had 16, the Presbyterians 10, the Baptists 7, and the Congregationalists 6.

"The churches with their various mission chapels and Sunday-school rooms furnish a seating capacity of fully 20,000; and although there has been a tendency for the churches to cluster in certain favored localities, it cannot be said that the people of Los Angeles are suffering for lack of church privileges."

Two weeks later the Rev. Edwin Sidney Williams, Church Building Society secretary, wrote in his "Field Notes": "Nothing that concerns the least of the churches from San Diego to Puget Sound fails to interest me. But it seems to me that the release of the First Church of Los Angeles from the encumbrance of $30,000 is the duty of the next weeks. But you ask, 'How came such an encumbrance?' There is nothing discreditable in the answer, friends. If you look into the case perhaps you will help. In the boom times which followed the opening of that paradise as an accessible part of our dear land the friends planned large things for the Church of God. They secured the most desirable lots in the city. They made fair sale of their old over-crowded building to a sister church. They built a convenient and comely but plain edifice whose frequent use by conventions and mass meetings evidences its rare adaptation for popular attraction. And they have opened it for the kingdom in no gingerly spirit. But the depressed times which greatly tried business men crippled the church. To live through it has required heroism, but they have lived and worked and grown. They have had unexpected ill fortune. The Baptist church which bought the old ediffice was compelled to say, 'You must deduct $10,000 from the price or take it back on mortgage. It was hard, but it had to be done. They could not hold two church buildings."

And the appeal of Mr. Williams to the churches of Northern California was: "You friends in the North who covet every good thing for the empire by the Pacific, put in your levers of love. Put them in the hands of Dr. McLean who with your backing makes things go until hosannas fill the air. He is going to help his brother in Los Angeles."

That was on the 9th of September. We turn to the first issue of The Pacific in December and read: "The 22d of November was an eventful day for the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles. Under the leadership of Pastor Hutchins and Dr. John Knox McLean of Oakland the people made a successful attack upon their $30,000 debt. More than $20,000 was subscribed the first day and subsequently the work has been followed up, and now the debt is practically extinguished and the crushing incubus is removed. * * * The pledges ranged from $1500 down. * * * The young people came to the work grandly, and parents who had given generously also subscribed for their children. The result surpassed general expectation, because the church has so few comparatively who have large resources. Through Dr. McLean the church received tokens of fellowship from individuals and churches in the North amounting to $1,672. Deacon Blanchard of Santa Paula gave $500, and Rev. E. S. Williams $100. Judge Harwood of Ontario gave $180 and A. P. Harwood $50. The praise service arranged for November 29th will be timely indeed. The church is now prepared to enter on a much wider sphere of usefulness than ever before in its history. The kindly deeds and helpful assistance of Dr. McLean will not be forgotten, but will serve to unite Northern and Southern California in firmer bonds."

We go up now from Los Angeles to Seattle and show how another influential church has struggled up out of very untoward circumstances.

On the 8th of July the Rev. George H. Lee, who was at that time the Washington correspondent of The Pacific, wrote from Seattle:

"The new church building at Brooklyn, one of the suburbs of this city, north of Lake Union, was completed last week and services were held there last Sunday for the first time. The building is very neat and well-planned. It's cost was about $3,000, and it has a seating capacity of 300 including the lecture room which is separated by sliding doors from the main room."

The Editor of The Pacific knows much about the first year of that church enterprise, being the acting pastor. It is now the University Congregational Church of Seattle; has a membership of 511 and a fine church edifice which with the lot is valued at $55,000. It is only two blocks from the campus of the University of Washington, and under Dr. Horace Mason is exerting a great influence for good in university circles.

The work had been started early in the year 1891 by a minister who had to lay it down soon on account of ill health and the financial problems therewith. The lots had been donated by J. A. Moore who had put the addition on the market. When the writer took charge it was ascertained that only about $500 had been actually subscribed toward the building; $1,000 had been promised by the Church Building Society. But it could be had only for last bills, and something like $1400 had to be raised before that was available. The few people in the church were without means with but one exception, a retired farmer who had enough to live on very comfortably. Hard times were on in Seattle; many of the members of our other

churches were loaded up with unproductive real estate, some paying interest on mortgages in addition to taxes. The members of the new church had given generously, the contractor had a lien on the property and was about to sell it for the balance due him. Then the thought of the pastor turned to the parsonage of the first Pilgrim Church of Seattle and coveted it for what he knew if saved to Congregationalism would some day be one of the most influential churches in Seattle. The work at the Pilgrim site had been abandoned except the holding of a Sunday-school in the little chapel. The property was deeded to Plymouth Church to hold for sale later and future use, of the money to be had, elsewhere in that part of the city.

When inquiry was first made of a member of the board of trustees whether they would not sell the Pilgrim parsonage, and give the balance above the $500 due the Building Society, to the Brooklyn Church, the reply was that such a proposition would not be considered. But other members were brought to see that it was worthy of consideration; soon a buyer was sought and secured, and a sum considerably above one thousand dollars was handed over. And so we have the University Congregational Church of Seattle. A few years afterward Pilgrim Church was re-established and under the able leadership of Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith, now New York Secretary of the American Board, enduring foundations were laid of an organization which now has 563 members and church property valued at $62,000.

On the 30th of October the news from Seattle was: The lecture room of the new edifice of Plymouth Church, Seattle, was first used last night for prayer meeting. That room will now be used for church services until the auditorium is completed in January." In that room on Thanksgiving Day the writer gave the sermon at the union services held by the Congregational Churches of Seattle. This was the building used by Plymouth Church through most of Dr. Nutting's pastorate, the entire nine years' pastorate of Dr. Temple, and most of Dr. Van Horn's pastorate. In it year by year Plymouth Church had its largest growth. The property which originally cost about $110,000 was sold in 1910 for $325,000, and the edifice now in use on Sixth and University streets was built. It is worthy of note that Plymouth gave $10,000 of that $325,000 toward the new edifice of the University Church. This sum was promised University Church at a time when there was an option on the Plymouth building. The sale was not consummated. But when University Church needed the money the trustees of Plymouth borrowed it and met the promise.

On the 19th of July Mr. George H. Himes wrote from Portland that "the beginning of the end, so far as the erection of a new edifice for the accommodation of the First Church is now an accomplished fact." The evening before the corner stone of a new edifice to be built of basaltic rock in broken ashlar work, with trimmings of sandstone, at a cost of $90,000, was laid at the corner of West Park and Madison. That building finely located is in use today and doubtless will be the place of worship for the First Church of Portland many years yet. The National Council has assembled in it; and a Pacific Coast Congress has been held there. Dr. Clapp was pastor when it was built. And from that pulpit have been given the many helpful messages of Drs. Wallace, Ackerman, and Dyott.

It was in 1891 that the Rev. Dr. J. H. Warren laid down the work of Home Misionary Superintendent which he had carried on for 27 years and was succeeded by the Rev. H. D. Wiard. The State Association in October recorded its great appreciation of his invaluable services. The American Home Missionary Society in accepting Dr. Warren's resignation also placed on its records deep appreciation of his devoted fidelity from the time he had gone from New York to California 41 years before to serve, first as a missionary among the scattered gold seekers and later as superintendent. It was stated that of the 180 churches in existence in 1891 all but two had been organized after Dr. Warren had come to the State.

In 1891 the American Board decided on an advanced effort to enlist the Pacific Coast churches in its work, and announcement was made in The Pacific on the 30th of December as follows:

"Mr. E. P. Flint, who has been financial agent of the American Board in this city for the past 30 years and who has served the Board with faithfulness and financial ability has tendered his resignation to take effect at the close of the present month. We are glad to announce that the Rev. Walter Frear has been appointed general agent for the Board on the Pacific Coast. This implies that a wider range of duties in connection with the agency is contemplated. It looks toward an increase in the business of the agency and to an advanced effort to interest our churches on the Pacific Coast in the work of the Board, and especially in bringing these churches and the large number of missionaries who make San Francisco their point of departure into closer acquaintance with each other."

ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES.

Rev. J. H. Jowett.

"All things are possible to him that believeth."—Mark ix. 23.

Our possibilities are as big as our tasks. Nay, they are bigger than our tasks, for it is purposed that when the task is finished we shall have strength to spare. It is the will of our God that there should be a glorious "plus" in all our warfare, so that when the victory is won we are "more than conquerors." The size of a task is therefore never a justification for retreat. "If, as soldiers of the cross, we stick at anything, we are disgraced for ever!" Hestitancy casts dishonor upon the Lord. It throws suspicion upon the adequacy of His resources. He has imposed a task for which He has not provided the strength! The mission is appointed, but the needful equipment is withheld! We are ready, but God is lacking! Thus do we sit in judgment upon the Lord, while all the time our apparent prudence is disloyalty, and our seeming wisdom is only the deadliest unbelief.

In our Christian warfare we are to stick at nothing. To believers in Christ the impossible is to shine in the attractive light of a glorious assurance. We are to approach boggy and trackless wastes in the confidence that thoroughfares have been provided. "And a highway shall be there and a way" We are to march against terrific and hoary fortresses in the joyful certainty that we can overturn them to their deepest and most secret foundations. "Mighty to the pulling down of strongholds!" This is to be the shining distinction of the army of the Lord. It is to move against the impossible, and by the very character of its stride it is to compel the world to believe that the impossible is already being accomplished. The Church is not here to do what anybody else can do. She is not one of a hundred institutions standing with them in common

rank and file. The Church does not share her errand. She stands alone, and her mission is to do the impossible, to achieve wonders of which no other fellowship even dreams.

But the impossible can become our achievement only through a vital faith in a living Christ. A credal connection is not a vital communion. There is connection by marriage which knows no kinship in blood. A living faith drinks Christ's blood—yes, drinks Christ's very life into the soul, and so equips the soul to meet the world and the flesh and the devil with the holy vitality of the eternal Son of God. When we drink Christ's blood, and then step out to face our tasks, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low."

HOW PROHIBITION IS WORKING IN PORTLAND, OREGON.

George H. Himes.

Reports having been circulated in numerous quarters recently by liquor interests, it is believed, for the purpose of making it appear, first, that prohibition is a total failure in Portland; and second, that it has greatly injured general business and caused a great loss of population, a committee of business men, members of the Progressive Business Men's Club, reported their findings for the past six months Thursday noon, as compared with the previous six months:

From December 1, 1915, to June 27, Commissioner Daly reports that there is an increase of 116 water services. This means that number of families.

School reports for June show an increase over June of 1915.

Bank statistics, compiled by S. G. Sargeant, state superintendent of banks, show that up to May there was an increase in deposits of $7,865,709 and an increase of $4,905,126 in loans and discounts over the corresponding period of last year.

For the entire state there has been an increase of $12,693,421 in deposits up to May 1.

Bank Clearances Increase.

From January to June 1, bank clearances have increased $10,405,667 in Portland over the same period in 1915.

Without exception the bankers of Potlland report that there are more savings accounts and new depositors than a year ago.

Six of the leading dry goods and department stores were consulted. One reported no change; the remaining five announced that business was better than in the same period in 1915. The one that reported no change explained that the total for the period had not changed, but months since the severe storm have shown a big increase, which has just about balanced the loss in trade during the storm period.

Bradstreet's reporting on wholesale and retail clothing stores, shoes, etc., announces there is a slight improvement over 1915, and that there is little doubt that an increase is continuing.

Building shows more activity, reports Bradstreet's, than for some time past.

Wholesalers Optimistic.

Four of six wholesalers consulted reported a slight increase in dollars and cents, but a slight decrease in tonnage.

Retail grocers, to the number of 50 reported that business thus far for 1916 is at least 10 per cent better than for the same time in 1915.

Jewelers, who deal in luxuries, made a good showing. Three of the four largest houses report business from 25 to 50 per cent better than for the similar period last year. The fourth concern said business was good, but that in his case it would have been better had there been no prohibition, as he had catered to a "wet" trade that has departed.

The automobile situation, reported up to yesterday, showed that there were 6000 new cars bought in the state this year between January 1 and June 28, as against 6300 bought in the 12 months of 1915.

There are 28,800 registered machines in Oregon today, compared with 23,587 registered for 1915.

All Saloons Re-rented.

Of 332 saloon buildings, which were vacated January 1 because of the prohibition law, all have been re-rented with the exception of 21.

Rents are about the same as last year, reports the Ladd estate. The Realty association reports that rents have been a ta standstill for a year past, and none has been reduced since prohibition took effect.

In the way of new enterprise, the committee reports that the future for Oregon's new industry, the manufacture of fruit juices, and particularly loganberry juice, is splendid.

The committee which gathered the data for the report which will be printed for distribution later in pamphlet form, consists of Frank H. Hilton, chairman; Mayor H. R. Albee, C. C. Chapman, Ralph Mitchell and John H. Dundore.

Tells Actual Conditions.

Mayor Albee was one of the principal speakers at the luncheon. He told of the improvement of both moral, social and business conditions since January 1, when prohibition went into effect in this city. His remarks were based on statements made to him in communications from business men and public officials, and from investigations he has conducted.

He said that the social evil cannot flourish where there is prohibition, and for this reason vice in this city is on the decrease. In a communication which he received from Mrs. Singleton, matron of the Multnomah county farm, not one drunken man has been admitted to that institution since January 1, while formerly there were many who were either intoxicated or recovering from attacks of delirium tremens. Often, the matron said, inmates would leave the institution for a few days and return either intoxicated or with liquor in their possession, but since prohiibtion has gone into effect there has been no intoxication among inmates.

Enter Other Lines.

In a canvass which he had patrolmen make of former saloon keepers it was discovered that a large percentage of them have engaged in other lines of business in this city, contrary to reports that they all have left Portland. Of a total of 180 investigated, 88 are now proprietors of soft drink parlors or restaurants; 37 have retired; 22 are engaged in other lines of business; 21 have left the city. Of the latter 12 are engaged in the saloon business elsewhere. In almost every instance where a former saloonman is engaged in other business he made the statement that he is making as much money as when he operated a saloon, and with far less trouble.

"Many valuable locations which were occupied by saloons are now devoted to legitimate business, and a canvass of the merchants has disclosed that business conditions are better," continued the mayor. "The 'workingmen's club,' where meals for 5 and 10 cents could be procured has gone out of business since prohibition went into

effect, because of the fact that men have quit drinking and are now able to purchase a better grade of meals. Reports from Harbormaster Speier are to the effect that less difficulty has been experienced handling the strike than would have been the case if the strikers were able to procure liquor."

Porhibition Pays Profit.

The mayor gave experiences merchants have had with men who formerly drank, showing that while a large percentage of many men's wages went for liquor, now the money is spent in the homes purchasing better food and clothing. One grocer on the East Side told of one family that always had a charge account and never was able to pay its bills. Since January 1 the father has been unable to spend his money in saloons for liquor, and the bills always are promptly paid and the children wear better clothes.

A butcher told of one customer who before January 1 usually purchased 10 to 15 cents worth of a poor quality of meat each day. Since he is unable to spend his money for booze he now purchases from 25 to 50 cents worth of meat of good grade.

Cash Sales Increase.

Another grocer informed the mayor's investigator that his cash sales have increased 25 per cent since January 1, and his collections 35 per cent. Many men who formerly spent money for liquor and ran bills for groceries now pay cash.

Since January 1 there have been 1308 arrests for drunkenness and vagrancy by the police. During the same period of last year there were 4,903, a decrease of 3,595, according to statistics gathered by the mayor from police headquarters.

In conclusion the mayor said that judging from all the statistics and statements he has gathered, prohibition pays.

Portland, July 2, 1916.

WHAT AMERICANISM MEANS TO UNITED STATES SENATOR WORKS.

In a recent address in the Senate it was said by Senator Works in part:

"Americanism means vastly more to me than love of country, evidenced by the desire to defend it against forcible aggression from whatever source it may come. Physical courage is common to most men. The call to arms to defend the country from foreign invasion would meet with a ready response. Millions of our citizens would rise up and buckle on their armor in their country's defense. This nation is in no danger from the lack of physical courage.

"It is in no danger from disloyalty to the flag, as some self-serving politicians would have us believe, or from indifference to what the stars and stripes stand for, or the sentiments they typify and represent.

"But something more than the willingness to fight for his country is needed to make the truly good citizen. Something more is needed than the willigness to make sacrifices in money and treasure, personal ease and comfort, and the things that must be surrendered in time of war that the country may be saved; something more than sentiments of loyalty to the flag.

"These are admirable qualities that help to protect the existence and integrity of the nation. They bear witness to the loyalty of the citizen to his country. These fighting qualities are the attributes of citizenship most prized in the bygone ages.

"Americanism! What does it mean? What are the people who are shouting for Americanism attempting to accomplish by this outcry? This demand for Americanism is now coupled with the cry preparedness, preparedness! It means the establishment and maintenance of a great standing army and the biggest navy in the world that we may be prepared to do what they are doing in Europe today, maim and destroy. In the estimation of the clamorous, unthinking people who are thus coupling these two things together the willigness or unwillingness to stand for them both is the test of true Americanism.

"This country is not suffering nor is it in danger from any lack of physical courage on the part of its citizens. It is suffering and it is in danger, serious danger, from a lack of moral courage on the part of its citizens, particularly those citizens who are in public life and as such the representative of the country's interests.

"What this nation needs, what the world needs, most of all, is not physical, but moral courage; courage to stand for what is right without regard to the consequences to one's self; courage to respect and maintain the rights of other nations as well as our own; courage to withstand the temptations of ambition and self-seeking; courage to uphold the public interests as against personal or party considerations; courage to be loyal and true to the country as against political expediency or party success; courage to say to the power of patronage and party gain at the expense of the public interests and efficient service, get thee behind me, satan; courage to resist the executive power in legislation and appointment to office and serve only the public good as judgment and conscience dictate regardless of consequences to one's self or one's party.

"Courage to serve within the limitations of the fundamental laws of the country and to resist the temptation to dictate or coerce action by other public servants or department of government; courage to be a servant of the people, and not their master; courage to resist the ambition to be a dictator and a despot; courage to stand fearlessly against the power of wealth in defense of the rights of all the people, rich or poor, high or low, capitalist or laborer, black or white; courage to stand steadfastly for social and industrial justice to all; courage that stands fearlessly for honesty, integrity, independence and loyalty to the public welfare against all the temptations and allurements of ambition partisanship, public favor or self-aggrandizement; courage to be loyal and true not only to one's own nation and its people but to all the peoples of all the nations of the world; courage to stand for international as well as national patriotism; courage to be just to other nations at the expense of one's own country, courage to stand fast for the freedom and independence and liberty of all men everywhere without regard for race, nationality, color or condition; courage to be just and neutral as between warring nations; courage to support and defend one's adopted country against the wrongful invasion or unjust or illegal infringement of its rights by any other country; courage to do the right thing at all times as conscience dictates, regardless of consequences.

"But, Mr. President, we have not reached, we have not, as a nation, even approached the height of this sort of Americanism. The man who proposes this remedy for the evils that afflict men and nations is ridiculed or derided. He is met with the good-natured smile or the sneer of contempt by practical men of affairs. He is pointed at as a visionary, a dreamer of dreams, an impractical reformer and uplifter whose views of what Americanism

and life generally should be may be beautiful, but are never to be realized among men. And these practical men and women who are content to leave things as they are have the evidence to sustain their outlook on life, present and future. The kind of courage to which I have referred exists only in small degree I am willing to confess.

"Selfishness, the all-pervading enemy of mankind, is abroad in the world. We find it in the seats of the mighty in the rulers and public servants of nations, in legislative halls, in the churches, in politics, in trade and commerce, in the minds of the capitalist and the laborer, in the public and social life of the country and most of all, in the home. The places of power and responsibility are too often filled by self-seeking and sub-servient politicians, where disinterested and patriotic statesmen should be found. Political expediency and partisan interests rule where patriotism, love of country, and a desire and purpose to serve the public interests should be supreme.

"But, Mr. President, after all is said the world is not wholly bad. Never, I believe, in all the history of the world were greater or more sincere efforts made by the few to elevate thought, bring about a more enlightened understanding of good and evil and their results, to aid, succor and elevate the downfallen and redeem and regenerate the criminal classes, than now. There are courageous, heroic, self-sacrificing souls who are giving their lives and the best that is in them for the betterment of humanity. They are not sustained by the applause of the multitude or rewarded by public approval. They need no arms or munitions of war, no armies, no navies to aid them in the defense of their country. These are the men and women who are striving unselfishly, patriotically, courageously to establish and maintain true and lasting Americanism.

"It is they who are standing for national defense. It is they who are erecting the bulwarks of defense that cannot be destroyed by shot or shell. It is they who are elevating American citizenship, leading the child in the way he should go and making better, more loyal, more patriotic and more intelligent and righteous men and women. They are making Americanism more respectable and the nation more secure, more stable and more deserving of the respect and confidence of other nations.

"The people of this country have not lost their patriotism or their courage. If danger should really threaten the young men would spring to arms as they did when the liberty of our people was established and this government had its birth as the result of their bravery and sacrifices, and as they did when its dismemberment was threatened in '61. A volunteer force is not dangerous to liberty; sometimes a standing army is dangerous.

"A moderate sized regular army suited to times of peace to be made the nucleus of a volunteer force if war shall come, supplemented by an industrial and constructive reserve force devoted to the continued and efficient carrying out of government works and given military training sufficient to fit them for service in time of war, to be regularly enlisted in the public service and provided with homes and a navy of moderate size and made efficient and serviceable should suffice now.

I think beauty is truthfully the expression of hope, and that is why it is so enthralling, because while the heart is absorbed in its contemplation, unconscious but powerful hope is filling the breast.—Richard Jefferies.

CHARLES STELZLE ENTERS THE SERVICE OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES.

Rev. Charles Stelzle has been elected by the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America as Field Secretary for special service.

Mr. Stelzle lived in New York's tenements for twenty years of his early life and worked at the trade of machinist, before preparing for the work of the ministry. His successful pastoral work in St. Louis and Minneapolis was among the poor. He has probably delivered the message of Christianity before more working men than any other man in America. Among his outstanding achievements in this interest was the development of the Labor Temple in New York. He has been identified with practically every great movement of the church during the past fifteen years, and was one of the group of men who organized the Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council, whose statement of principles has become a classic not only among the churches but among the common people.

Mr. Stelzle organized the department of Church and of Labor of the Presbyterian Church and was its superintendent for ten years, during which time Labor Sunday was established, which is now observed annually by the churches throughout the country. Another important movement was the exchanging of fraternal delegates between labor organizations and ministerial associations. For twelve years Mr. Stelzle attended every annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, as a delegate representing the churches. He has served as arbitrator in many labor difficulties, and in each case has been selected by employees and employers as chairman of such arbitration boards.

Although chiefly known in the field of social service Mr. Stelzle has also been a successful pastor and a leader in evangelistic campaigns, especially in noon-day shop meetings; he was dean of the social service workers of the Men and Religion Forward Movement in 1911-12, and the leader of one of its teams; has been active in the interests of church publicity; and directed the Home Mission Week campaign for twenty-seven combined Home Missionary Societies.

One of his latest important public services was as director of relief and emergency measures for the Committee on Unemployment appointed by the Mayor of New York. Still more recently he has been serving in the interest of temperance among working men.

Mr. Stelzle brings to the common service of the churches of the Federal Council unique talent and wide experience, and his work for the present will be in the fields of the economic phases of the liquor problem, and the church and labor, with other activities undertaken in connection with the Federal Council Commissions on the Church and Social Service, Federated Movements and Temperance. He began his service on July 1, and his office will be with the Federal Council in the United Charities Building, New York.

"Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head!

Faith is being, not guessing, and the holding of immortality and immortal depth of life.—J. Brownlee Brown.

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT BILLY SUNDAY.

From The Christian Register.

Around Boston there is much activity among many of the churches in preparation for the coming of Billy Sunday in the fall. Naturally the Unitarian churches did not participate in the invitation, nor are they having any share in the erection of the building for his services, or any similar preparations. But does that mean there is nothing for them to do? Some say, "Yes, the only thing is to ignore him." That sounds fine and dignified; but isn't it a little like a farmer's ignoring a big thunderstorm in having time? Whatever else he is, Billy Sunday is a religious phenomenon of considerable present importance. To make believe we don't see him is rather ridiculous.

Then there are those who would fight him tooth and nail. "He calls us names, let's call him names back." But that doesn't sound quite right either. For one thing, we may confess without shame that he can easily beat us at that game, for he is a past master at it. We, on the contrary, have believed ourselves to have outgrown that method of controversy, though occasionally we have seen outbursts of it in some of our discussions. Even then we have been rather ashamed of it, and have felt that it has done us no good. As we look back to ancient religious controversies, like that, for instance, in which John Milton was engaged, we feel that it makes no difference which was right, both sides ought to have been ashamed of themselves. If we proceed to pitch into Billy Sunday, we may come to feel the same way about it afterward.

Then, for another thing, there may be more good in the movement than our irritation may lead us to imagine. Sunday is not what we should call a high type of Christian, but he may be sincere in his work. His life story doesn't indicate that he went into it from selfish motives, and though he undoubtedly makes a good thing out of it. and enjoys the sensations he creates, that doesn't prove that he's a fraud. In fact, there is good reason for thinking that he believes himself to be sincere, and that at bottom he is so, though willing to resort to tricks and stunts that would brand any Unitarian minister as a mere mountebank.

But whether the revivalist is sincere or not, there is no question that many of his hearers are. He does succeed in stirring up in them a deep religious interest, which is not altogether temporary: Now deep religious interest is not a thing to be sneered at or ignored; it is to be reverenced, and that is an indication of what we should do. If we recognize the sincerity of the religious interest, we may do many of these people good. If we do not, we are bound to do ourselves harm. Not all the people who are stirred by Billy Sunday believe in all his teachings. On the contrary, a large proportion of them are far from accepting it all. He starts them going, but they are not satisfied with all his teachings. Here is our opportunity. Let us show them that we have something better. The fact that he denounces us is no obstacle. On the contrary, it is one of the biggest advertisements we have ever received. In business slang, "A knock is a boost." So it has proved time after time where he has been. The question is how to use this publicity. If we can show the true Christian spirit, we can reap an abundant harvest. We must have dignity enough not to get angry when he calls names; but we need not be so stiff about it as not to be willing to show what we really do believe when people come to inquire. We should recognize all the good we can in his meetings, and meet people who come to us halfway. If there is interest enough to warrant, it would be well for us to hold extra services, say Sunday evenings and some weekday evening, for the sake of any newly interested. In every way we should make it clear that, while we believe neither in his methods nor his theology, we are glad of the religious interest awakened by his coming, and that we are big enough to feel that way however much he may denounce us. A stand like that will preserve our own self-respect, and will win the respect of others.

Ought we to attenid his meetings? Well, we have any business there? If we have not, we ought to stay away. We know well enough that we do not approve his antics, and, of course, it is the antics that draw the crowd. To go helps to encourage just that sort of thing. But if we have some real business there, if we sincerely want to make a study of this strange phenomenon for some practical religious purpose, that would be a sufficient reason for going notwithstanding the objection, but to go to scoff and sneer would be unworthy. It would be a happy outcome if those who went to scoff remained to pray, even with Billy Sunday.

WHISKY—THAT'S ALL.

All? Why, no! there's a job that's lost,
There's an arm that's weak and a heart that's sore;
There's a home that's filled with grief and woe,
And a wife that is felled with a savage blow.
All? Why, no! there's a job that's los,t
There's an empty curse that can meet no cost;
There's watch in pawn and a chair to sell;
There's money to borrow and thirst to quell;
There's an empty glass and a fight or two,
A fine to pay and a crime to rue.
All? Why, no! there's a demon's curse,
There's a child abused and a wound to nurse;
There's a home broke up, a wife abased
To drudging toil, life's joys erased;
There's a free lunch served in a sample-room,
And some chores to do with a rag or broom;
There's the price to beg for a burning drink,
And a place to sleep! Ah, stop and think!
All, do you say? There is half untold;
There's a heart grown sick and limbs grown cold;
There's a man gone done, and a substitute
That is half a fiend and half a brute;
There's a place to rob and a man to kill;
There's a prison cell for a man to fill;
There's a conscience seared with wild remorse,
And a grave now digging for a pauper corpse;
There's a speedy trial and a verdict read,
And a wife that weeps as the doom is said;
A curse and a prayer while the gallows fall,
And as for your whisky, why—That's All!

—The Vanguard.

Folks want a lot of loving every minute—
The sympathy of others and their smile!
Till life's end, from the moment they begin it,
Folks needs a lot of loving all the while.

—Strickland Gillilan.

We would willingly have others, perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.—Thomas A. Kempis.

YOSEMITE CONFERENCE PROGRAM.

"Conference Dinner" on Tuesday evening, July 25, stands first on the program. Then come addresses on: "The Pilgrims of New England," by Dr. Van Horn; "Pilgrims of Middle West," by the Rev. W. Schwimley of Lodi; "Pilgrims of the South," by Dean Norton of Pomona College; "Pilgrims in Yosemite," by Mr. David Curry.

Wednesday morning the Rev. Dr. J. M. Campbell of Claremont will speak on "Experience the Final Test in Religion." The Tercentenary Program will have consideration next.

Dr. Kelsey of the American Board will speak on "What Is It?" G. H. Atkinson of Campbell on "Is It Feasible?" B. C. Preston of Palo Alto on "How To Promote It."

Then will come an address by the Rev. Dr. Bradley of Worcester, Massachusetts on "The Centennial of the American Bible Society."

Mr. Arthur Arlett follows with an address on the "Campaign to Make California Dry."

The Rev. E. A. King of San Jose speaks on: "Mastery Through Ministry."

Wednesday afternoon will be given to conference business.

Wednesday evening under "Nature Studies," the Rev. R. B. Larkin of Ontario will speak on "The Cone Bearers of the Sierras." And Prof. Matthes of the United States Geological Survey on "The Geology of Yosemite."

Thursday morning after "Efficiency in Prayer" by Dr. James M. Campbell, Professor Buckham and A. W. Palmer will speak on "Two Men of the Mountains." Prof. Buckham on "John Knox McLean"; Mr. Palmer on "John Muir."

Following will be an address by Dr. Henry Stiles Bradley of Worcester, Massachusetts, on "Religion and the Nation."

Thursday evening will be given to the Home Missionary Society. The Rev. L. C. Watson of Tipton will speak on "The Society in City Work." The Rev. E. M. Isaac of Guerneville on "The Society in the Open Country." Then will come an illustrated lecture by the Rev. C. S. Price of Santa Rosa.

No meetings will be held on Friday. Saturday morning Dr. J. M. Campbell will speak on "The Power of Affirmation." Under "The Ministry of the Mountains" the Rev. Mr. Eckles of Alturas will speak on "The Religion of the Yosemite Indians." And Roy H. Campbell on "Climbing—the Spiritual Ascent." W. W. Willard, on "The Message of the Mountains to the Soul." Mr. Mears, on "I will lift up mine eyes to the mountains."

No meetings will be held Saturday afternoon.

Saturday evening Dean Norton speaks on "Our Congregational Schools in the South." M. G. Papazian of Fresno, on "The Situation in Turkey."

The conference sermon will be given Sunday forenoon by the Rev. A. B. Patten of Sacramento. Subject, "The Divinity of the Common Day and the Dignity of the Common Task." The Rev. Henry Ainsworth of Cloverdale will conduct the preliminary service of worship.

Sunday evening there will be consideration of the topic "What Does Jesus Christ Mean to Me?" Dr. Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary will preside at this time. The listed speakers are L. D. Rathbone, Miss Frances A. Dean, W. C. Pond and S. W. Wilcox.

By despising himself too much, a man comes to be worthy of his own contempt.—Amiel.

Among The Churches

Campbell.—Rev. and Mrs. Geo. E. Atkinson celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary quietly July 7. At the wedding supper, only four of those present fifteen years ago were present. Two have "fallen asleep" and one, Mrs. H. H. Atkinson, is "somewhere in Turkey." Thirteen of these years have been spent in Campbell. A delightful feature of the day was the greetings from friends near and far.

Cupertino Union Church.—Mr. Streeter preached his second anniversary sermon July 2nd, to a splendid congregation. The two years have been spent very pleasantly and profitably. The Sunday school now has an enrollment of nearly 200. The membership of the church is 150,—fifty of these having been added during the two years. A Christian Endeavor Society was organized about a year ago and has a membership of 40; mostly high school, normal and college students or graduates. The incentive that led the pastor to this field was the access to the San Jose State Normal School, where the two daughters have just completed their course, and are to begin teaching in a few weeks in other parts of the state. The pastor is soon to enjoy his vacation in the Yosemite, and at the beach.

San Jose.—A very interesting plan for getting acquainted with the people has just been worked out in San Jose by Rev. and Mrs. E. A. King. Mr. King recently came to the pastorate of the First Church of that city. The church people have responded very cordially to all the efforts to stimulate the work. One of the most interesting features has been the series of informal "at homes" tendered to the church people by Mr. and Mrs. King. On five successive Friday nights they entertained the people of the church in the following groups: church officials and their wives, older young people, young people of high school age and younger, and the balance of the congregation in two groups; first those whose names began with the letters of the alphabet from A to K, and second, including the remainder. The week following the elderly ladies of the church were entertained on an afternoon. In this way it has been possible to become acquainted with a very large number of people in the church and has done much to stimulate the social life of the parish. Mr. King is preaching a series of morning sermons on the "Inner Life of Jesus." He began the series with a sermon on "The Historical Influence of Jesus" and followed it with a sermon on "The Silent Years of Jesus' Early Life." The next two sermons were, "The Meaning of Jesus' Baptism," and "The Initial Crisis in the Life of Jesus, His True Greatness Revealed." This last sermon created a great deal of interest because it was on the psychological development of Jesus' Messianic Consciousness and His inner struggle with the Messianic ideals of his day. On Sunday evenings Mr. King has been using the stereopticon with success. On one evening pictures were shown of "Some Churches and Cathedrals of Scotland." The evening of Children's Day he showed a series of pictures illustrating the relation of Jesus to the children and the importance of religious education. A week ago he exhibited his set of colored slides of the Wm. L. Taylor pictures of the Life of Jesus. At the last business meeting of the church delegates were appointed to the State Conference at the Yosemite; including the pastor and his wife there will be a

party of eight going from the First Church. The work is going with great promise; eight new members have been added since Easter.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco will be occupied next Sunday by the Rev. Dr. Henry Stiles Bradley of Worcester, Massachusetts.

The Rev. George Laughton of Hilo will speak at the meeting of the Congregational ministers in San Francisco next Monday. Subject, "A voice from Hawaii on Preparedness."

One of the two rally songs used by the Santa Clara County delegates at the Stockton C. E. Convention was written by their Pastoral Counsellor, Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson of Campbell.

The Rev. C. M. Streeter of Cupertino is planning to drive to the Yosemite in his Ford machine, enjoying some camping en route, and making a few side trips. Any of the ministers or delegates that would like to go by auto, and share in the expense of machine, should write him at once. He can take two or three more; and the cost will be about $10 besides camping expense.

The Rev. Dr. W. W. Scudder, Superintendent of Home Missions in Washington, has been invited to become the assistant of Secretary Herring of the National Council in the work of the Tercentenary campaign, and probably will accept the call. Dr. Scudder has done a most excellent work in Washington and will be missed greatly not only there, but all over the Pacific Coast.

Congregationalists were well represented on the program of the State Christian Endeavor convention at Fresno last week. Dr. Van Horn was in attendance as Pastoral Counselor. Arthur Arlett gave an address on "California Dry." The Rev. W. Schwimley of Lodi one on "Why We Believe the Bible." Secretary Hinman of the American Missionary Association gave an address at the Congregational Rally, and spoke also at a conference of the Life Work Recruits. The Rev. Larue C. Watson of Tipton gave an address also. The Rev. Mr. Ogg of Eureka was in attendance, as leader of a Humboldt delegation of 17. The Rev. John Brereton of Woodland was in attendance with a family of seven. Mr. Howard Brown, a member of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, a brother of Paul Brown, the field secretary, was elected president.

FIELD NOTES BY A CONGREGATIONAL SECRETARY.

Oregon.

Eugene.—Under the wise pastorate of Rev. M. A. Spangler, this church is pressing on to larger things. Just now vacation in the university and schools is depleting somewhat the audiences, but many of the faithful ones remain and the services are maintained both morning and evening. A vigorous Sunday school needs better facilities and some day in the not far future the pastor hopes for a modern edifice, equipped with the latest conveniences for the finest kind of church work.

Hubbard.—Pastor Butler, after seven years of faithful labors in connection with Elliott Prairie and Smyrna, deemed a change advisable, but his people would not listen to it. He has consented to remain, and the hope now is Hubbard may be yoked with Butteville for some years quiescent and the other two be joined with Bethel. Bro. Butler keeps an auto and is able to meet his appointments with comparative ease, and if he can serve Butteville, the outlook is for the latter reviving. At Hubbard there is some talk of a new church building in a better location—west of the railroad—where also a parsonage may be erected. The town is improving and our church is doing good work. Attendance in evening frequently exceeds that of the morning. On a recent Sunday the evening congregation nearly filled the auditorium.

Idaho.

Wallace is taking on new life under the leadership of Rev. Carl Veazie, who this autumn is to add his usefulness by taking to himself a wife—one of the fair daughters of Spokane. The son of a parson, he has imbibed the charming qualities of father and mother, and a more untiring worker it is difficult to find. The community—largely mining—knows nothing of hard times. Money abounds, but only a small portion is found in our church. Nevertheless current bills are met, Church Building loan is gradually being reduced, and application is about going to New York for sufficient to pay last bills on a $4000 parsonage.

Kellogg.—About a year ago Rev. Mr. Drirer—of Methodist origin in Utah—came to this church and is making his young manhood felt in this prosperous mining town. A Sunday school of 210, an evening audience of 150—three times that of the morning—and great social demand make imperative, so the pastor thinks, an enlarging of the plant. The probability is the building will be raised three feet and modern S. S. rooms and social hall be constructed as a basement.

Plummer.—Our work in this new railroad town has been checked somewhat by the recent movement on the part of the Methodists—their new building being dedicated July 2. Rev. W. J. Waters, the pioneer in this town, has built him a comfortable home and is now devoting himself to outside work, being succeeded by Rev. H. E. Hughes, a canny Scotchman, who with his efficient wife is holding the fort here and at Tekoa; Mrs. Hughes preaching twice a month at the latter. Finances have been a little slack, but at a recent meeting of some of the leaders the pastor pledged $50 if all arrearages could be met by September 1st. In this will be included $60 due C. C. B. S.

Washington.

Malden.—Rev. G. H. Wilbur, a graduate of our Berkeley Seminary, for six years a pastor in this state, is about resigning, after a little more than one year here. The town, promising at its beginning a few years since, because of being made a division point on the new Milwaukee railroad, is gradually losing its population owing to railroad changes. Several of our leading families have moved away, and the church is disposed to remain pastorless for a few months, hoping in this way to catch up in finances. The surrounding country is beautiful and productive agricultural land, but for some reason few farmers make Malden their center. Hope is, large holdings may in time be divided, Malden become more of a trading center and our church profit thereby. Some of the leading citizens are identified with our work and once church debts are removed, the outlook will be fairly bright for an average village church. Recently the Field Secretary of the Building Society spent Sunday here; and by united effort obligations to C. C. B. S. were considerably reduced, nearly the $200 now overdue being provided for, and hope entertained that the entire amount be forthcoming by fall. Mr.

Wilbur is uncertain as to his future. Having found his good wife at Soquel—his first pastorate—and having lived several years in California, he and Mrs. Wilbur are strongly prompted to seek a pastorate in the Golden State.

A FORWARD STEP FOR FIRST CHURCH, TACOMA.

Tacoma First is sending its own representative to the foreign field this year, in the person of Rev. Frank Cary. Mr. Cary is the son of Rev. Otis Cary, D. D., of Kyoto, Japan. He was born in Japan, educated at Amherst College and Oberlin Theological Seminary, and taught two years in Japan between his college and seminary courses. Moreover he is an athlete, and he looks out upon the life work he has chosen, with a clear, strong vision, comprehending the difficulties and the rewards, and deliberately electing to put himself where he is most needed.

The Commissioning Service on Sunday morning, July 2nd, followed a Sunday School rally, and was most impressive. Dr. Dyer spoke on "Why First Church has adopted a Foreign Missionary Pastor." Mr. Cary spoke on "Why I have chosen to become a Foreign Missionary." President Penrose of Whitman College, a corporate member of the American Board, presented the Commission on behalf of the Presidential Committee, and the Prayer of Consecration was offered by Dr. J. E. Walker, veteran missionary to Shaowu, China, the son of the pioneer Elkanah Walker, who crossed the plains with Cushing Eells, and belonged to that early company which included the martyred Whitman.

Following the commissioning service, a communion service was held and Mr. and Mrs. Cary were received into the fellowship of the church.

On Monday afternoon an informal reception was given Mr. and Mrs. Cary in the church parlors, and all felt that a real friendship had been begun and a real tie formed. A pleasant feature of the occasion was a rose shower by representative members of the Sunday school, each sending a message to the children of Japan. Mrs. Cary responded by singing a song in Japanese.

Mrs. Cary was Miss Rosamond Bates and has spent six years at Kobe under the Woman's Board of the Interior, so that though she goes to Japan a bride she does not go as a stranger.

Mr. and Mrs. Cary will spend their first year at Tokyo. They sail from San Francisco July 8th.

On Wednesday evening, July 5th, Mr. Walker and his daughter, Miss Josephine, who has charge of the Woman's Work at Shaowu, talked most interestingly of their work. Mr. Edwin Eells, son of Cushing Eells, presided. He spoke of the marriage on the same day in 1838 of his parents and the parents of Dr. Walker, of the long journey to the coast and of the years when he and Dr. Walker were playmates and companions.

First Church has had a real missionary uplift, and looks forward to her new interest across the water with hope and anticipation.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

I have attended the Ministers' Conference, at the Washington State College, Pullman, Washington, for ten days, and have enjoyed every minute. The two weeks' course on country church work is of real value to any rural pastor. Dr. Matthew Brown McNutt, of the social service department of the Presbyterian Home Missionary Board, is the leader this year and he is a host in himself. He knows what he is talking about, having been eminently successful as a country pastor near Plainfield, Ill. Dr. McNutt is a delightful man, magnanimous in spirit, wholesomely broad and spiritual; and his lectures are thoroughly practical, informing and inspirational.

Some of the subjects treated are: The Call of the Country, The Task of the Farmer, Making a Living and Living a Life; Serving the community; Conserving the Soul; How Can the Church Serve the Community? Church Federation; Building a Community; How the Church can help the Farmer to Solve His Problems; Evangelizing the Rural Communities; Vitalizing the Country Church, etc.

Time was given to the discussion of problems enabling all to contribute to the interest of the conference. The ministers were privileged to attend all the lectures given to the teachers of the public schools, and most of them took in all they could of the lectures on sociology, economics, animal husbandry and poultry.

The college authorities are doing their utmost to promote the movement and make it permanent, and extend its influence. The ministers are provided with rooms in the dormitory and one meal a day.

The enrollment this year was over thirty, the majority being Presbyterians, some coming over 400 miles. There were some representatives present from United Presbyterians, Methodist Episcopal, Episcopal, Disciples and Congregational denominations.

A committee was appointed to co-operate with the college in creating increased interest in the Conference the coming year, in extending the curriculum and obtaining a larger attendance. This movement meets a real need and deserves the hearty co-operation of all denominations. Personally I can recommend it in the warmest terms, as worthy of the serious consideration of our associations, and I hope and trust that a large number of our rural pastors will attend the Conference next year. It can be reasonably expected that a richer program will be offered those who will attend the coming year, with lecturers representing several denominations, in addition to what the college summer school will offer.

A prospectus will likely be published between this and the autumn state meetings of the various denominations, giving a tentative program of the next conference. The new president of the state college, Dr. Holland, is in hearty sympathy with the purposes of the conference and entertains the conviction that it will prove mutually helpful to the interests of the ministers and the college.

Rev. C. H. Harrison, pastor of the Federated Church, has a strong hold on the people of the town and surrounding country, and is a recognized power among the students and faculty of the State college. J. EDWARDS.

Spokane, Wm., July 7, '16.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Andrew Franzen.

See him a-field while fades the gold of morn
And brighter rays more deep the shadows mark;
Hear him among the rows of dewy corn—
The blithe companion of the warbling lark!

In God's own workshop roofed by summer skies
Moves light his figure that no toil can bow,
The hope for autumn's fruitage in his eyes,
The lordship of the land writ on his brow.

What the Creator into being wrought
  Imperfect still his final touch awaits;
Then see with sweeter fruit the orchard fraught,
  And fairer flowers peer through the garden gates.

Blest he whose fortune not on men depends,
  But on the rains, the sunshine and the soil,
Whom nature first her treasure lends,
  Who wins not bread nor wealth from other's toil!

Come ye who slaving count your master's gold,
  Your minds fast on the ledger's sordid lore,
To fields all ripe for harvest and behold
  A toiling man whose soul is free to soar!

Come all who strive and moil 'neath dingy walls,
  Come to the broader earth, the larger life;
Your heritage of brook and field still calls
  You to the purer joys, the nobler strife!

The Home.

ON BEING IN A HURRY.

The one thing hateful in this world is being in a hurry. Disappointments chills, and despondency deadens; pain and fatigue and failure are not easy to suport; but at least these human vicissitudes leave the mind in possession of itself, to grapple with the problem. Whereas hurry confounds, undoes, sweeps the reason from its seat. It is a wretched thing.

As a matter of fact, there is no hurry and never has been since the world began. We have imagined it wholly. Denizens of eternity, with life upon life before us, why should we have conceived the idea that we must distract ourselves? It might be such a comfort to us, this heritage of eternity which we can in no wise escape; the wonder is that we do not live in it frankly and at our ease. But no; we have spurred our heels with time, we have goaded our lives with hours. Hurry and rush or the day will fade and the two dozen tasks be unperformed.

Well, and what then? Where did we get this other idea, curious to consider, that we must always be doing something? As if, in the first nature of things, action were any better than rest; as if every other living creature, except restless man, in this excellent universe, were not idle a great deal of the time. Look at the woodchuck, philosopher, at the mouth of his hole. And yet he probably does not know even where his dinner is coming from! There is much in the Bible on this point, if we followed that book more closely.

What is living, after all? What does it amount to? If we asked this question of ourselves thoughtfully every morning, we should probably often enough sit down and fold our hands quietly while the strenuous deed on which we had counted went by us on blessed idle wings so glad, poor deed to be unconstrained, so thankful to be left free.

Living is not this piecemeal performance, this confusion of feverish fragments. Beautiful unbroken, endlessly one, it goes on serenely from life to life as deep and untroubled as is the Source from which it welled once for all. We can trouble its surface but never its heart; that is beyond us, thank God! Ourselves, our real selves, are not to be fooled by all our hubbub and hurry; they run and hide, never fear! Underneath the tumult they take their ways tranquilly to their destined goals; shall we balk them of their birthright? They find us vastly amusing no doubt and laugh at us a good deal. But when we are still they come back to us grandly, happily enough, and we know that now this is life.

The enterprising person who starts out not to be in a hurry in this day and generation must make up his mind to fight—which sounds paradoxical at the outset. The tendency is insidious in every modern life. Before we know it, in spite of ourselves, our resolute feet have broken loose, we are running, propelled by an impulse within, a general call without. It seems our unhappy destiny, our temporal destiny, that is, if the use of the term be correct. A hundred times we pull ourselves up—"Here, hold now, steady, steady!" and a hundred times we are off again, swept by resistless haste. Bewildered, exhausted, we come to the day's merciful end, which fortunately still continues to exist; and, looking back, realize sadly, though all confusedly, that we have rushed blindly through the hours, seeing nothing, feeling nothing, accomplishing nothing really, a mere chip on the stream of modern circumstance. That is a dignified way to live! So then we begin all over again.

Patience it takes, and indignation, resolution not a little; also that indispensable quality of these latter days, humor. We must be content to be left behind. A natural pang or two assails us at the thought of losing touch with the day, which is, after all, our day. But even that loss is not so great as it seems.

The people, the customs to which we fall back are not strange, after all, but familiar. They speak the language of our thoughts, they are moved by our desires. The further we fall back, the more we wonder to find ourselves so at home. Don Quixote rides by and is our brother. Hamlet voices our perplexities, Juliet sings our love. There is no strangeness anywhere, no alien check and coldness. Gradually we awake to the fact that nowhere along this great common road, or in the byways which still keep close, can the traveler lose his way. All the people are one at heart, be they clad in doublet and hose, wear they brass basins on their heads, carry they golf-sticks. This is a great discovery; it settles our case at once. Assured that, pace we never so slowly, we cannot escape companonship, nor can we, moreover, fail to arrive; we take up our pilgrim staff cheerfully and move on our tranquil way.—Josephine Humphrey, in the Congregationalist.

THE COMMONPLACE.

The earth is not all mountain peaks, the sky is not all sun, the trees are not all giant redwoods, the people are not all Apollos or Hebes. The world is full of ordinary, commonplace people and things. But woe to the man or woman who finds them uninteresting; for by that very verdict he proclaims his blindness. The commonplace is full of charm and radiant with beauty—to the artists's eye. This only means that he sees; and the rest of us are blind. What we need to make life beautiful and full of keenest interest, is not usually a change of scene but the gift of sight. To the man who can see, the world is still peopled with heroes and saints, with Hectors and Bayards, Caesars and Cids, with Savonarolas and Wesleys; and heaven is just as near and just as visible to-day to us as it was to Moses on Pisgah or Stephen in his hour of triumph—if our eyes are only open. The eternal realties never fade nor disappear; but to see them we must bring eyes.

For The Children.

JACK'S STRIKE.

If Jack had not been the only boy in the neighborhood, or even if Jack's mother had not been away from home, this story would never have been written and nobody would have joked Jack about the strike. He was a manly little boy of eight, with a pair of sturdy legs and as many freckles as would go on one small nose, but he was not happy. He had a nice home, and a fine dog, and plenty of playthings, and a good school teacher, and—well, it would take too long to name all the good things Jack had.

"Jackie! Jackie!" It was Mrs. Kent calling to him the minute he got home from school, and he had to run to her porch to see what she wanted. "Jackie, will you run down-town for a spool of sixty black cotton? I'm sorry I forgot it this non, but exercise is good for boys. Run along, dear, and some day I'll give you a penny."

Jack wanted to play with Gyp, but his mother had taught him to be polite to old ladies, so he went after the cotton. He had hardly reached home before Miss Emily Fields ran in to ask him to go to the bakery for a dozen hot rolls for her, and then Jessie Marshall had a note for him to deliver. Miss Emily promised him a cooky when she baked, and Jessie gave him a penny, but by the time he got home and ate his supper it was almost bedtime.

"Aunt Harriet, I'm going on a strike," said Jack, the next evening. "I hear Mrs. Kent calling, and I'm not going to do her errands. She never pays me a penny, but I don't care so much for that as for losing all my play time. I could do all her errands at one trip, but she keeps sending me time and again until I'm tired."

"Why, Jack!" said Aunt Harriet, dropping her sewing in surprise. "Don't you feel well?" Poor Aunt Harriet was worried all the time about Jack, as she was not used to boys, and she often said she would be glad when his father and mother got home. "Let me see your tongue? You don't look very well."

"I'm all right, but I'm not going to run errands all the time," said Jack. Honest, Aunt Harriet, I'm not sick. I'm on a strike."

So she stepped to the door and told Mrs. Kent that Jack was not well, and could not go down town for her. Then she called Dr. Burton and made Jack lie down on the lounge. "Your tongue doesn't look right and you aren't well, I know."

"I do feel a little bit bad," said Jack, when he was tucked up on the lounge. My legs ache and my head feels queer."

Dr. Burton looked him all over and heard his story, and then said, gravely: "Jack, you should have struck long ago. You have not had time enough for play all this hot fall."

"How can we refuse the neighbors?" asked Aunt Harriet.

"Ill see the neighbors," said the doctor. "Jackie, you're going to have a little vacation from school. You've worked too hard."

Of course, the neighbors were very sorry when the heard that it was their fault that Jack was so ill. It was a long time before he could be out, and then he looked very pale and tired. As the ladies had no little boys of their own, they did not know how hard it was for him to run back and forth through the hot sun time and again, and go to school besides.

But when he was allowed to go out on the porch for the first time after he began to get better he felt repaid for his trouble, for there stood the dearest little pony in the world, with a shiny coat and even a cunning little whip. "It is for you, Jack," said Mrs. Kent, with tears in her eyes. "It's from the neighbors. Dear heart! I've promised you many a penny and forgotten all about it, so here's the pay for all the errands you've done. And after this you'll not have to run your legs off for us. Brownie needs exercising."

So Jack's strike ended happily, and though he did many errands for the ladies after that he never got sick running up and down the street, for Brownie and the little cart made errands fun for the only boy in the neighborhood.—Hilda Richmond, in Herald and Presbyter.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE BIG UMBRELLA.

The little boy stepped out of the school building just as it began to rain, and the big umbrella went up over him like a small tent. You could hardly see the little boy under it, for he was so very little and the umbrella was so very big; but if you took pains to stoop down and take a peep at him, you would see a very nice little boy with apple-red cheeks and such dear blue eyes, and a mouth that knew how to smile instead of to pout.

"Halloo, Edgar," said somebody; "where did you get so much umbrella?"

"It belongs to my Grandpa Gray," said the little boy, proudly. "He lent it to me 'cause my mother can't afford to buy me one. Ain't it fine? It never leaks a speck, no matter how hard it rains, and it covers me all over."

"I should say it did," said another little somebody. "You look like a toad under a cabbage leaf."

"You be another toad and get under my cabbage leaf with me, then," said the little boy generously. "You haven't any umbrella at all, and neither has Davy Wilson. It's plenty big enough for all of us, my Grandpa Gray's umbrella is; and those two little girls who haven't got any, they can walk under it, too, right along in front of us, so! It'll cover every one of us, you see!"

And so it did, and pretty soon the big umbrella moved down the sidewalk sheltering five little people from the storm, and the teachers stood watching it and saying to each other: "That dear little Edgar Gray is the kindest, most thoughtful little boy I ever saw."

The little boy and the big umbrella had to go a good deal out of their way in order to leave the little people at their homes.

But, by and by, the little boy and the big umbrella were left alone, and then they started home, bobbing and whistling. But they had not gone far when the little boy saw a young lady, with her arms full of packages, waiting for a street car. It was raining pretty hard and the young lady had no umbrella, and she was greatly astonished to see one approaching her and a sweet, little voice under it saying, "If you please, ma'am, if you'll hold it, I'll hold the packages for you. I can't reach your hat, and it'll be all spoiled."

"You certainly are the very nicest little boy I ever saw in all my life," said the young lady, "and this is the best umbrella." And she gave the little boy a kiss and the umbrella a bright silver dime for their kindly service; but, of course, the little boy had to take care of the dime.

Now, what do you thing of the little boy and the big umbrella?—Susan M. Griffith in Child's Hour.

PROTECTING WILD FLOWERS.

Annie Balcomb Wheeler.

"Little kings and queens of the May,
If you want to be
Every one of you, very good,
In this beautiful, beautiful, beautiful wood,
Where the little birds' heads get so turned with delight
That some of them sing all night;
Whatever you pluck
Leave some for good luck."

—Juliana H. Ewing.

I wonder if all the boys and girls know that some of our most beautiful wild flowers and ferns have been exterminated in many sections of the country? And not by greedy folks alone who gather them for sale, but by thoughtless folks who profess to love nature? Our trailing arbutus, gentians, maidenhair ferns, spleenworts, ladies' slippers, and other orchids are among this number.

A nature lover said not long ago, "When I was a boy the pastures about our little city were fragrant in spring with the pink bloom of the trailing arbutus, the brook beds in summer glowed with the brilliant torches of the cardinal flower, and the fall fields were spangled with the blue fringed gentians. I have not been able to find a trace of arbutus for many years, the street venders have pulled it up 'root and branch' and sold it on the city streets; there are no cardinal flowers within a seven mile limit, and as for the fringed gentian, there is one tiny patch left within walking distance which I guard so jealously that I scarcely dare to tell its location to my best friend!"

I used to find yellow violets, hepaticas, swamp pink, mountain laurel, and ebony spleenworts in my own field tramps, but wood roamers have been so pitiless of late years that these are now found in small scattered patches, and I am wondering if this condition is not one that every boy and girl can help remedy. What do you think about it?

It seems to me there are several things to keep in mind when we go in the woods in search of wild beauties, first, not to rob the flowers; second, not to rob other lovers of wild flowers; third, that we should be willing to share our discoveries with real nature lovers and guardians, and last, that we can get as much satisfaction from one or a few beautiful specimens as we can from a whole bunch of them crowded together.

When we find only a few blossoms of some rare plant, ought we not to leave them to seed themselves for a more bountiful blooming next year? And some take blossoms, roots and all! A sacrifice of this sort means so much to the big, beautiful out-of-doors! Even when these wildlings are abundant we must consider the next woodsman who comes that way, and the next, and so on, and not help ourselves so liberally that they are cheated out of their rights, or what is worse, tempted to rob the plant by taking the last flower.

I shall never forget the lesson I had years ago upon my first introduction to fringed gentians. I had seen them only in books and magazines, and was wild with delight over my discovery of real, live, fringed gentians, and oh! I forgot my good manners and began to pick great handfuls to carry home. My companion remonstrated at my greediness in the kindliest manner possible, telling me what I have tried to tell you. "But I don't intend to keep them all myself," was my excuse, "I want to take some to teacher, and give some to the girls, and take some to old Mrs. Blank, who used to pick them when she was a girl." My friend then told me how the Japanese, the most artistic people in the world, never crowd their vases so the stems and leaves cannot be seen—we need to see them in order to know the flower perfectly the next time—but always put a single long stemmed flower or branch into the jar, giving it plenty of both air and water. "A true nature lover will prize one beautiful wild flower as much as a dozen, and if you give her a dozen, no doubt she would give eleven of them away before night."

I have found this true so many times, and once when an aged friend received a single frail, lovely little harebell from the mountainside, the first she had seen since childhood, her joy was so great that it was almost heart-breaking. I have known wealthy collectors to give five thousand dollars for a single rare orchid; indeed, I saw one that was brought from Asia and sold for that price. But the frail little harebell was far more precious than the gaudy butterfly like flower from overseas. Yes, it is true that

"A joy that is shared is a joy made double,
And a trouble, shared, is but half a trouble."

And let that be one of our thoughts this year—to bring a little of the woods to those who love the wild flowers and cannot go after them themselves, the aged, the ill, and the shut-in. A beautiful water lily will make a bright spot in the weary weeks of an invalid, and a branch of blueberries right from the pastures seems like a miracle to one who never expects to tramp the woods again. But in breaking branches of any kind take care not to destroy the bush or spoil its shape. Let us make "Protect" our watchword this year as we take our trips to the waterside, through the woods, and across the pastures—protect, protect, protect.—Selected.

Salem.

THE HAIRLESS MEXICAN DOG.

By H. E. Zimmerman.

Hairless dogs have never been common, even in Mexico. They have a small patch of hair at the top of the head; otherwise they are absolutely hairless. They are usually about the size of a medium-sized fox-terrier, are good watch-dogs, but have bad tempers, especially as they grow old. They resent being touched, yet they are affectionate and will protect their friends to the "last ditch." They do not snap at people but growl chestily, giving due warning that one must attend to one's own affairs. Legend says that the great Aztec chief, Montezuma, had one of these hairless dogs, and that, until Montezuma comes to earth again, some few of this species will wander, awaiting their chief. They certainly resemble the typical Indian character in having tenacity of purpose.—Our Dumb Animals.

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